

A N

E L E G Y,

OCCASIONED BY THE
 D E A T H
 OF THE
 Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

*Who departed this Life March the 29th, 1788, in
 the 80th Year of his Age.*

By JAMES BARROW.

Well done thou good and faithful Servant. Math. xxv. 21.

Y To the Reader.

THE Rev. Charles Wesley has often dwelt upon my mind; he was a person that I have had a long and secret respect for; owing to various divine flights in his poetical works, in which I clearly see that he in an extraordinary degree foretasted the joys of the Saints above. As I have had a large share of the same happiness, (and I hope some likeness of it will gleam out of this little Elegy) therefore, think it not strange that I should much respect him.

Hearing of the death of Mr. Wesley, I expected that Elegiac respect would be done him by some very sublime pens. If this had been done, verily my respect should have been hid till all secrets shall be disclosed. I have waited till I am out of hope, therefore this Elegy appears so late. I am sorry that a much better pen has not been employed. And I wish that this may be received in that degree of kindness that it is published in.

I am thy servant in Christ,

May 14, 1788.



J. BARROW.

SOLEMN and tragic sounds issue from my ear

Wesley, the Preacher is no more I hear

As, have below our little ages pass

So the last hard drop from Wesley's glass

The disappointed soul laments

And fled from mortals, and all mortal things

Science and languages which grew his mind

Are shaken off, for ever left behind

Yes, faith divine, with all its glimmering rays

Are left for ever lost

O HAPPY Soul! Thy transit from this sphere

Full well I know forbids both light and tear

But such is mortal friendship, let me tell

Tho' thy pavilion be supremely high;

Ten thousand angels have sprung from thy favour

Within thy Courts appears no troubled scene,

And that Dear Lamb that reigns above the skies

For all thy realms are peaceful and serene!

Knows, with thy friends, I truly sympathize

This the triumphal kingdoms here must own,

That my reflecting mind is with the Rend

Life, love, and peace are only round thy throne!

Moved, and touch'd beyond a common friend

Yet, condescend to look on me below,

HO, all ye preachers, where'er ye stand

And with thy breathings make my verse to flow:

A Wesley's dead! attend the tragic sound

Tho' in Elegiac lines constrain'd I sing,

Come with your honours, with Elegiac lays

Breathe love divine and sweeten every thing.

For under God, he much deserves your praise.

SOLEMN

SOLEMN and tragic sounds salute my ear,
 Wesley, the Preacher is no more I hear !
 As, here below, our little ages pass,
 So the last sand hath dropt from Wesley's glass ;
 The disembodied Soul hath spread its wings,
 And fled from mortals, and all mortal things ;
 Science and languages which grac'd his mind,
 Are shaken off, for ever left behind ;
 Yea, faith divine, with all its glimmering rays,
 Are lost for ever in a glorious blaze !

O HAPPY Soul ! Thy transfit from this sphere,
 Full well I know forbids both sigh and tear ;
 But such is mortal friendship, let me tell,
 Ten thousand sighs have sprung from thy Farewell,
 And that Dear Lamb that reigns above the skies,
 Knows, with thy friends, I truly sympathize :
 That my reflecting mind is with the Rend,
 Moved, and touch'd beyond a common friend,

HO, all ye preachers, wheresoe'er around,
 A Wesley's dead ! attend the tragic sound,
 Come with your honours, with Elegiac lays,
 For under God, he much deserves your praise.

The

The preaching veteran long maintain'd the field,
 Scorning to frantic, savage man to yield;
 Bravely advancing with the Lamb in view,
 Has made the rugged path, Sirs, smooth for you;
 Towns, markets, fields, the wastes, and sandy beach,
 Are all prepared now for you to preach!
 Now, thro' the kingdoms you may safely tour,
 Because a Wesley has been thro' before.
 And shall he then unnotic'd slide away,
 Who thus has borne the burthen of the day? }
 Do as you will, but my respect I'll pay.* }

BELIEVE me, Sirs, if I my wish might have,
 The sweetest flowers should adorn his grave;
 Red, blue, and white, with all the hues I know,
 Planted around, should in their order blow:
 And whilst one relick in the grave doth sleep,
 Their blowing order should exactly keep;
 But, the last dust dissolv'd from mortal eye,
 Then, they might wither, droop the head and die.

AND is the helper of the Churches dead,
 Who in the conflict surely would have bled?

And

* Much respect hath been and is due to some others.

And doth he furnish now no more our tongues
 With his poetic flights, and heavenly songs?
 Who can unmoved stand, refrain to weep?
 Wesley, has sung his last, and fell asleep.
 The eyes are clos'd, the tongue in silence lies,
 It speaks no more of the Great Sacrifice,
 The Lamb of God, that suffer'd on the cross,
 And there a full Atonement made for us;
 No more it calls, no more it gives a shout,
 To come, and see where Sins were blotted out:
 For all the frame lies now in silent state,
 And seems the solemn great event to wait,
 The trumpet sound, commanding all the dead,
 To leave the earthly cell, and watery bed;
 And on the wing immortal mount, and fly,
 To meet the Lord, appearing in the sky.
 'TIS awful truth, the mortal frame is dead,
 But to what region is the spirit fled?
 What are its passions, which shall ne'er abate?
 What is the order of that endless state,
 Where his immortal spirit doth reside?
 And fixt for ever, there it must abide.

* Though he preached the thunder of the Law to convict, his favourite theme was the Atonement.

THE Heavenly muse, assures 'tis gone on high,
 Convoy'd by Angels thro' the starry sky,
 To where the Lamb sits on a throne of grace,
 And pours immortal pleasures from his face!
 Where all have pleasure, live, and sweetly move,
 In the great ocean of Eternal love!
 There his departed happy spirit reigns,
 And there his ravish'd soul no more complains,
 "Of one poor drop, of one poor transient sight,"
 He hath a sun he hath a sea of light!
 That sun's the Lamb, who doth his face disclose,
 And from his face that sea of glory flows! [flame,
 BREATHE Love Divine, and with thy light &
 Shew me his spirit how it hails the Lamb;
 Shouts thro' the realms of light his saving grace,
 And drinks the glories gushing from his face;
 Shew how he loves, takes of the Lamb a kiss,
 And falls or'whelmed with the weight of bliss!
 Rises again, and feasts his happy soul,
 And drinks in Heaven whilst the ages roll!
 Ages may roll, and ages roll on them,
 But ne'er shall seperate him from the Lamb!

AND

AND is the Christian, is the preacher gone,
 And is his warfare, is his labour done?
 And doth he in the heavenly circle shine
 In that sweet beam that's from the sun divine?
 Rancourous Biggots, strangely may suppose
 (For scarce a man there is without his foes)
 But soon an open day shall all disclose.

AH! soon another Wesley will take flight,
 And overtake him in the world of light.

WHEN shall my spirit also flee away?
 When shall I pay the debt that all must pay?
 When shall I land on the eternal shore?
 When shall I sing with him that's gone before?
 O break this chain, and let my spirit flee,
 Come dearest Lamb, I long to live with thee.

F I N I S.

N. B. This Elegy is entered at Stationer's-Hall, not
 from a design of securing gain, but to check and dis-
 appoint the mean and covetous spirit of piracy.

